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[Dear Permission to be Powerful Reader, Kid Cudi arrives at federal court...](#)



*Dear Permission to be Powerful Reader,*

**Kid Cudi arrives at federal court in Manhattan on May 22, 2025, ahead of his testimony in Sean “Diddy” Combs’s trial.**

He wore a black leather jacket, white T-shirt, and blue jeans — surprisingly casual for court.[1](#)

**Cudi:**

Yeah, I remember that night like it was yesterday. Cassie called me —

middle of December, way past midnight. She was freaked out. Voice shaking. Told me Diddy found out about us.

She kept repeating:

***“I don’t know what he’s gonna do... I don’t know what he’s gonna do.”***

**Then she says — she gave him my address.**

**Said it slipped out in the middle of a fight.**

Man...

I didn’t even think. I threw on clothes, got in my car, picked her up. We dipped to the Sunset Marquis. Tried to lay low.

Not long after — my phone rings again. It’s Capricorn Clark, Diddy’s assistant. She’s in tears. Says:

***“He made me get in the car. We’re at your house. He’s looking for you.”***

**Prosecutor:**

**What did you do?**

**Cudi:**

Left Cassie at the hotel. Heart racing, drove straight home. Called him on the way.

He picked up. I yelled:

***“Motherf\*er, are you in my house?”\*\****

**Defense:**

***Objection, Your Honor!***

**Judge Subramanian:**

**Overruled. Jury may consider it as context.  
Proceed.**

**Cudi:**

He didn't deny it. Didn't apologize. Just calmly said:

***“I just want to talk to you.”***

When I got home, the place was wrecked. Christmas gifts torn open. My dog — locked in the bathroom, shaking. Cameras twisted. He'd been there. No doubt.

A few weeks later, my dogsitter calls:

***“Your car is on fire.”***

I rushed back. My Porsche 911 was torched. Interior melted. Roof blown open. And on the passenger seat? A burned bottle with a rag in it. A Molotov cocktail.

**Prosecutor:**

**Did you report it?**

**Cudi:**

Yeah. Cops came. Took photos. But nothing came of it. No arrests. No leads. But I *knew*.

**Prosecutor:**

***Did Mr. Combs ever mention the car?***

**Cudi:**

Yeah. We met at Soho House a few days later. He stood there like some Marvel supervillain. Offered me water twice — weirdly polite.

Said:

***“We were homies. You knew that was my girl.”***

I told him:

***“She said you were done. I took her word for it.”***

Then I asked:

***“What are we gonna do about my car?”***

He stared at me and said:

***“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”***

**Cold as ice.**

**Defense:**

***So you're suggesting my client — without evidence — committed arson?***

**Cudi:**

I'm saying what happened. What I lived. What I *felt*.

**Prosecutor:**

Did he ever apologize?

**Cudi:**

Yeah. Later, he saw me again. Said:

***“I want to apologize for everything.”***

It caught me off guard. And yeah — maybe it gave me some peace.

But peace didn't bring my dog back to normal. Didn't fix the fear. Didn't bring back the car.

Until next time,

A stylized, handwritten signature in black ink. The name "Anton Volney" is written in a cursive, slanted script. The signature is composed of several long, sweeping strokes, with the first stroke starting from the left and extending across the top. The word "Anton" is written in a more compact, rounded script, while "Volney" is more elongated and features a prominent, sweeping underline that extends to the right.



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